# Tom Starboard.

SOLD BY J. EVANS, NO. 41, LONG LANE

TOM Starboard was a lover true,
As brave a tar as ever ſail'd;
The duties ableſt ſeamen do,
Tom did and never yet had fail'd:
But wreck'd as homewards bound,
Within a league of England's coaſt;
Love ſaved him ſure from being drown'd
For all the crew but Tom was loſt.

His ſtrength reſtor'd, Tom hied with haſte,
True to his love as e'er was man;
Nought had he ſav'd, nought did he need,
Rich he in thoughts of lovely Nan;
But ſcarce five miles poor Tom had got,
When he was preſs'd! he heav'd a ſigh,
And ſaid, tho' cruel was his lot,
Ere flinch from duty he would die.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,
Nay when he'd loſt his arm regſin'd,
Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
Had ſav'd his life, and fate was kind.
The war being ended, Tom return'd,
His loſt limb ſerv'd him for a joke;
For ſtill his manly boſom burn'd
With love, his heart was heart of oak

Aſhore in haſte Tom nimbly ran,
To cheer his love his deſtin'd bride;
But falſe report had brought to Nan,
Six months before that Tom had died,
With grief ſhe daily pin'd away.
No remedy her life could ſave;
And Tom arriv'd the very day,
They laid his Nancy in the grave.